By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heavie well-aday.
In her unholy ſervice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to have divinity preacht there, did you ever dreame of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come here.

Baud. Fie, fie upon her, ſhe is able to frieze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we muſt either get her raviſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhee would make a puritane of the devill, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith, I muſt raviſh her, or ſhe'l diſfurniſh us of all our Cavaleers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe upon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boult. We ſhould have both Lord and Lowne, if the peeviſh baggedge would but give way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the better for you, that you ſtand upon ſound legs, how now? wholeſome imp you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Chi

Baud. We have one here ſir if ſhe would ——— But there never came her like in *Metaline*.

Lyſ. If ſhee'd doe the deede of darknes thou would

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to ſay well e

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boult. For fleſh and bloud ſir, white and red, yo a Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed, if ſhe had but—

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the renowne of a Baud, no le gives a good report to a number to be chaſt.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Here comes that which growes to the ſtalke, Never pluckt yet I can aſſure you.
Is ſhe not a faire creaturt?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerve after a long voyage at ſe Well, there's for you, leave us.

Baud. I beſeech your honour give me leave a wor And Ile have done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would have you note, this is an honou

Mar. I deſire to finde him ſo, that I may worthily

Baud. Next, hee's the Governor of this Country, whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governe the Country, you are bound t deed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. Pray you without any more virginall fencing uſe him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciouſly, I will thankefull

Lyſ. Have you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not pac'ſte yet, you muſt paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee wil Honour and her together.

Exit Ba